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**Mrs. Theodora Morgan, an Army Nurse, During
the War for the Union Celebrates Her
One Hundredth Birthday Anni-
versary, April 1, 1915**

Mrs. Theodora Morgan of Streator, Illinois, who lost her first husband, Joseph Fresard or Frazer in the War of the Rebellion and then entered the service herself, braving the dangers of yellow fever in nursing the sick and wounded of the Union forces, on April 1, 1915, enjoyed the distinction of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of her birth.

The celebration, was in the nature of a family reunion and party, and was held in the evening at the home of her son-in-law, Frank Hendricks, 1101 East Main street, Streator. The old lady enjoyed the occasion as much as anyone present and took an active part in the program.

Mrs. Morgan received a large number of letters and postal cards, complimenting her on her one-hundredth birthday and extending best wishes for a happy family reunion.

A number of lady clerks in Heenan's store and other mercantile houses in Streator read the story in the Independent Times and honored the venerable lady with cards of "best wishes" for a happy centenarian celebration.

Many people called at the home of her son-in-law, Frank Hendricks, and congratulated her on the distinction of being the first Streatorite who has ever celebrated a hundredth anniversary.

Among those who most appreciated the advanced age of Mrs. Morgan, was A. J. Baker, a veteran of the Mexican war, residing on South Bloomington street, who was instrumental in securing a pension for the elderly lady. Many other war

veterans called on Mrs. Morgan today and she was highly elated at the interest shown in her birthday.

It certainly was a memorable occasion, and surrounded by her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, together with kind friends, the old lady was the merriest of all, and her birthday was a happy one in every respect. Although she was up until the last one had departed at one-thirty, she was likewise one of the earliest ones up the next morning. A fine record for a 100th birthday.

Mrs. Morgan's friends both far and near, remembered her anniversary with many cards and letters, long distance calls, and local calls extending congratulations, also beautiful flowers and plants as well as other little gifts.

But happiest of all was the arrival home of all the family including her son, Joseph Frazer and wife, of Blue Island, also grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all from Blue Island; Mrs. Ed. Martin, Wm. Frazer and wife and children, Joe and George; Mrs. James Condan, Mrs. Frank Frazer, Mrs. James Withers and daughter, Eileen.

As the big family gathered around the well laden dinner table there was a silence over the group as the aged woman asked the blessing, and all were in tears before she had concluded. This was undoubtedly the happiest feature of the day, to be surrounded once more at dinner by all her family.

In the evening there was a big gathering of relatives and friends at the Hendrick's home, and a merry evening was spent with games, and music.

One of the most important features of the day was when Photographer Fedor arrived to take a flashlight picture of Mrs. Morgan and her floral tributes.

A mammoth birthday cake in three tiers and surmounted by a little silk American flag—for Mrs. Morgan is a patriotic American—attracted unusual attention, for it was ablaze with one hundred candles. It was the work of her granddaughters, Mary and Rose Hendricks, and was cut by her eldest granddaughter, Mrs. Edward Martin.

It was a wonderful day—and the most wonderful features of all were the bright, cheery smiles and lively movements of

Mrs. Morgan whose one hundred years sat lightly upon her.

Mrs. Morgan gave an interesting account of her work as an army nurse. She said in response to enquiries:

"They were short on nurses at the hospital and there were so many poor fellows suffering that I agreed to help them, although I had never had any experience before. Later I regularly enlisted as an army nurse."

"Did you meet Lincoln or any of the big generals while you were at Alexandria?" queried the reporter.

"I saw Lincoln once but that was in Detroit. That was when he was running for president. Yes, I met Grant several times at Alexandria. He came over there to visit the soldiers in the hospital. I was introduced to the general. I could then speak hardly any English, for I was raised in a French community in Michigan and got no schooling in English. They told Grant I was 'French Mary,' the only name I was known by in the hospital, and I remember he joked with me because I could say nothing in English but 'soup' and 'coffee.' Sherman also was a visitor at the hospital while I was there and I remember shaking hands with the general."

"How long were you at Alexandria?" was the next query.

"Well, I stayed there almost till the close of the war. In the spring of six-five the news of the shooting of Lincoln came to us and many of the nurses and soldiers started for Illinois to attend the funeral. I was among those who went. I remember our arrival in Chicago. The streets from the station to the court house had been roped off to keep the crowds back and there were black and white streamers all along our path. I viewed Mr. Lincoln's body at the court house. He did not look much different from when I had seen him in Detroit. He wasn't a good-looking man, you know.

"It cost us nurses and soldiers nothing for railroad fare and most of us went to Springfield with the body of the president. I went with the crowd.

"I stopped at a hotel in Chicago after returning from Springfield. This hotel was right across from the Michigan Central depot in those days but was destroyed in the fire. It was the quarters for many of the officers who had come to the

Lincoln funeral. General Grant was there with his family. I came across him in the dining room. He readily recognized me as 'French Mary' whom he had seen at Alexandria the preceding fall. He introduced me to his wife whom he called 'my frau.' He asked me if I would stay there at the hotel as nurse girl for his children, I told him I would until I got my discharge but that I wanted to go to Grosse Point first and visit my mother who was sick. She was then even older than I am now; she was 103 years. I went there and spent a day only. I took my two children from her place and went to my home at Detroit and left them there. Then I came back to Chicago and stayed with the Grants. I was at the hotel for six weeks. I grew very fond of the Grant children and they were fond of me. When my discharge came, General Grant did not want me to go and neither did the children. But I was homesick for my own and I went back to Detroit.

"I found Grant very pleasant in his family circle.

"Yes, the General was a heavy smoker; he had a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth most of the time."

The mother of the war nurse died while she was in the service of the Grants and had been buried before she returned to Michigan. Her father, aged 95 years, had died a number of years previously.

While nursing the Grant children in Chicago she had met William Morgan, a civil war soldier, who had gone out from Chicago as a member of the 39th Illinois Regiment. He had been wounded three times, having served throughout the entire war. Mr. Morgan went to Detroit soon after he was discharged and there he and Mrs. Fresard were married. He was a miner at that time, but later a brick mason. They then sold their property in Detroit, and moved to Woodville, Michigan. While residents there they journeyed to Jackson on one occasion when President Johnson and General Grant were there at a political meeting. Grant, the old lady relates, shook her by both hands warmly when they met and said he was very glad to see her. Then she introduced her husband and the General was even more cordial to him. "Well, well! That's

one of my old soldiers! Old Buck, where have you been?" said Grant to Morgan.

President Johnson slipped a coin into the hand of one of the children with the couple before they parted.

MOVES TO ILLINOIS.

From Woodville the Morgan family came to Illinois, residing for short periods at Morris and Joliet before locating in Streator.

Mr. Morgan died in 1910 while visiting his sister at Mayo Bridge, County Down, Ireland, but as Mrs. Morgan was tardily notified of his death, she did not draw a pension as a soldier's widow until last fall. She has since received \$12 a month but it dates only from last fall.